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"The Constitution—The Safeguard of our Federal Compact."—*James K. Polk.*

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Poetry.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

BY CHARLES G. EASTMAN.

He sits by the great high road all day,
The beggar blind and old,
The locks on his brow are thin and gray,
And his lips are blue and cold;
The life of the beggar is almost spent,
His cheek is pale and his form is bent,
And he moveth low and with meek content
The sneers of the rude and bold.

All day, by the road hath the beggar sat,
Weary and faint and dry,
In silence patiently holding his hat,
And turning his sightless eye,
As, with cruel jest and greeting prim,
At his hollow cheek and eye-ball dim,
The traveller tosses a cent at him,
And passeth hastily by.

To himself, the blind old man doth hum
A song of his boyhood's day,
And his lean, white fingers idly dum
On this threadbare knee where they lay,
And oft, when the gay bob o'link is heard,
The song of the youth-hearted yellow bird,
The jar of life, and the traveller's word,
And the shout of children's play,

He starts and grasps with a hurried hand,
The top of his smooth worn cane,
And striketh it sturdily into the sand—
Then layeth it down again!
With his black little spaniel—beautiful Spring
That he keeps at his button hole with a string,
Leaps up, and his bell goes ting-a-ling! ling!
As he yelps with impatient pain.

He sits by the great high road all day,
That beggar blind and old,
The locks on his brow are thin and gray,
And his lips are blue and cold;
Yet he murmureth never, day nor night,
But seeing the world by his inner sight,
He patiently waits with his heart all light,
Till the sum of life shall be told.

Select Tale.

THE KNIGHT'S SWORD.

Translated from the German,

BY H. R. BRADLEY.

THERE may still be seen at the market-place at Halberstadt, and exactly opposite the Cathedral, the remains of a venerable church, which had been dedicated to 'our Lady.' Of this splendid temple there is nought now to testify its former grandeur but four grand pillars which once decorated the front. All the rest has fallen under the heavy hand of time, and that once beautious building is now but a mouldering heap of ruins. There cling, however, to these ruins, an ancient tradition, which deserves to be remembered when all trace of them is lost.

Outside the walls, and not far from what was once the principle gate of this church, there hangs to a short, thick iron chain, a knight's sword of a very ancient fashion; and this sword, even when the air is most still, is observed to be agitated with a slight, tremulous motion, that never ceases for a single moment. *What can be the cause of this?* Those who would resolve every difficulty upon mere philosophical principles, declare that there must be a magnet on both sides of the sword. This may be true, or it may not; but I adhere to the ancient tradition respecting it, which I am now about to give to the reader; and I do so, first, because I prefer an old tale to the most modern discovery in chemistry—and next, because I find the tradition supported by a second fact, that on the ruined spot in the earth, about four feet in circumference, which is altogether bare of herbage; whilst beyond it, the earth is covered with a green and healthy verdure.

And now for my tale.

In times, long since gone by, there was on the brow of the mountain, close to Halberstadt, the castle of the proud, ambitious knight, Sir Hugh. He was a nobleman feared, if not respected, by all those who called themselves knights. He was haughty, irascible, and impatient: the terror of all his domestics, and a tyrant to his wife. This was an amiable and charming lady, who died at the very time that Leonora, his only child, was blooming into womanhood.

Upon her death bed, the lady of Sir Hugh blessed her child with these words:—

"May patience, gentleness, and charity adorn thee: and may religion prepare thee for Heaven, where I shall await thee, my only, my beloved daughter."

The lady expired in pronouncing these words, and Leonora was still weeping at her bedside, when she was addressed by a youth namad Tenthold, whom the Knight Hugh had reared and educated in his castle, because he was the only, and the unprotected son, of one of his ancient companions in arms. This youth, who was also kneeling at the bedside of his second mother, thus spoke to the maiden:—

"Then above," said he, as if under the influence of inspiration, "then above shall we see her again, Leonora; but while here, let us never forget the glance of mutual affection which the dying saint cast upon us as she blessed us."

"May her blessing be our protection," whispered Leonora.

"Leonora," said the youth, taking courage, "through her gentle words, faith and courage are restored to us. Eternal love! May it always be ours, even though it is only in a future life that it can find a fitting reward."

"Ah!" cried Leonora, as her eyes beamed with affection upon the youth, "by this corpse do I again kneel down, and swear to thee"—

But she was interrupted by the rough voice of the Knight Hugh, who at that instant stepped into the chamber. He pushed the young couple away from each other. Both drew back from the impatient father. Tenthold, with almost a convulsive shudder, and Leonora with redoubled tears.

But a few days elapsed, before the Knight Hugh again lived in the midst of feasting and luxury. The constant companions of his rude pleasure were the Knight Assen, and his son Ebenhord, a well grown, handsome looking youth—a great favorite with the Knight Hugh, as it was to him he intended his daughter Leonora should be married. Hugh already looked upon him as his future son-in-law, the heir to his castle and domains, and in whose shield the arms of his race should be empealed. Leonora had excited in the youth the strongest feelings of love, but she could not be inspired with a corresponding affection for him. Her heart was drawn toward Tenthold, with whom she had, in presence of heaven and its angels, entered into a covenant of everlasting love; and the protectress of that alliance, as well as the witness to it, were the spirit and the clay-cold form of the lady of the castle.

One day, Tenthold, equipped as for a long journey, appeared in the great hall of the castle, before the Knight Hugh, and his friends the knight of Assen, and his son, who were at that moment engaged in their usual revels.

"Knight Hugh," he said to the baron, "I come for the purpose of taking my leave of you—I come to thank you for the education you have given me, and the care you have taken of me—I come to say, that I shall ever feel grateful to you for both, and that it shall be my constant endeavor ever to repay you for them, by my devotion and my services."

"Art thou mad with wine?" asked the Knight Hugh.

"No—but it is my intention soon to revel, not amid the noise of the wine cup, but amidst the tumult of arms."

"Probably as a sword polisher, among the crusaders in the East," sneeringly said the young Ebenhord.

"No—but as a knight of equal rank with thyself, shall I look upon thee, when next we meet," exclaimed Tenthold, "thou wretched caitiff and fool."

And so saying, he cast him the glove which he bore in his leather jerkin.

All were amazed at this unwonted boldness, and Tenthold was about to leave the hall unquestioned, when he was met at the door by Leonora. She was white as snow, pale, utterly cast down, and on her countenance were to be seen the deep traces of sorrow and despair. The young man clasped her in his arms, and cried out to the Knight Hugh:

"This maiden do I demand of thee—this maiden shall I obtain from thee, either in this world, or hereafter, before the judge of all."

He pressed the parting kiss upon the cheek of the maiden, who had fainted. he laid her softly in an arm chair, and then proceeded on his way.

"This is child's play," roared the Knight Hugh, as he sprang from his seat. "The varlet shall repent this impertinence."

He rushed from the hall, but learned that Tenthold, accompanied by an attendant, had ridden in haste from the castle.

Tenthold was a combatant in many tournaments on the Rhine, and in all his feats of arms as a knight, he proved the nobility of his descent. He then went to the East, where so much of Christian blood had been shed in the endeavor to recover possession of the holy sepulchre. He arrived in the East, when the first king of Jerusalem, Godfrey, was there. By him was Tenthold received as a son—by him was Tenthold rewarded as a brave champion, and by him was he attended with care of a christian, when a severe wound confined him to his couch. The young knight fought in most of the battles against the infidels, with great renown, and a knight's sword, with the holy cross was his reward. After a year, a truce was agreed upon between the hostile armies, and he returned to Europe.

He sailed from Jaffa; and a prosperous voyage soon enabled him to travel through Germany He appeared there as a gallant knight, in splended attire, and soon were his longing eyes gratified with a view of the loved towers of the castle of Halberstadt. His first question on arriving at the village was for Leonora.

"To-morrow, she will become the bride of the Count Ebenhord of Assen," answered the host. "The sport in honor of the marriage feasts have begun to-day."

"Well," remarked Tenthold, "I have made my vow to heaven that Leonora shall be mine; and as to this Ebenhord of Assen, who never yet has stood in knightly battle, I swear by my sword, that he never shall rob me of my bride."

He called them to his pages, and desired that they should take from the packages of his sumpter mules, two of his suits—one was of well carved silver armor, that displayed in its manufacture all the costly silk of Italy. Tenthold put on this suit, whilst his emblazoned helmet was covered with expensive plumes. The host of the inn looked with amazement upon the exceedingly handsome knight; who was his guest.

Tenthold directed that the next suit, a velvet doublet, which was of the most magnificent descriptions and decorated with the rare embroidery of the East, a short mantle with gold embroidery, and a bonnet with a costly heron feather; with all other parts of a courtly dress, should be borne by one of his servants, and that he might, at an appointed signal, be in an instant prepared with it.

The hour for the nuptial banquet had been announced by the solemn tolling of the bell, when Tenthold rose, and accompanied by his page, passed out toward the castle. Bachanalian clamor and shouts of joy burst forth to greet him as he advanced toward the hall, now glowing with a thousand torches.

All made way for the stately knight, in silver armor, and as he stepped into the castle hall, the eyes of each were attracted toward him, for he was the only person there not in festive attire.

Tenthold kept his vizor closed.

"Whoever you are," said the lord of the castle, stepping toward him, "you are welcome."

"Whoever I am, still my arms and my shield proclaim me to be a knight of noble birth. What I seek for here, are German hospitality and German honesty."

The Knight Hugh scanned the close helmet and the shield of the stranger. He then invited him to taste of the feast, and the strange knight sat himself down beside him, and took from his hand the cup of welcome.

The host hoped, by this opportunity, to see the face of the stranger, but the latter left his vizor drop so suddenly that the curiosity of the Knight Hugh remained ungratified.

"Come you," he then said, "far from hence, sir knight?"

"Far? that you may well see, if you recognize the holy John's cross that I wear on the left side of my helmet, as a token of honor that I came from the East, where our arms are now at rest."

"And you now come——"

"To ungird me of my sword in my father land, until there is need again for its use."

The bride, Leonora, who was solemnly and richly adorned for the coming ceremony, at this moment passed near, leaning on the arm of her intended husband, the Knight Ebenhord of Assen. Instantly did the maiden recognize Tenthold by the scarf that he wore, and which she herself had worked in secret for him, and that she had in the sad times that were past, given to him as a pledge of her love. She was nigh to fainting at the sight, but the bridegroom held her fast, and asked,

"What is the matter?"

"This is it," said Tenthold, standing up. "this is it—she wants the bridegroom."

"I am he," replied Ebenhord.

"It is false," answered Tenthold, "thou never could'st be truly beloved by Leonora."

At these words Tenthold drew back his vizor, and cast his gauntlet toward the bridegroom, and then solemnly stepped forth from the hall, when he saw that Ebenhord had accepted his challenge. Outside, his trusty page awaited him, and instantly availing himself of the laws of hospitality, which he knew his host dare not violate, he arrayed himself in his courtly suit and returned to the hall, where his kindly demeanor, his manly beauty, and his noble bearing, won for him the heart of every fair and gentle dame who looked upon him.

Whilst Ebenhord sought to avoid him, the Knight Hugh stepped boldly toward him and said:—

"I am right glad to see you here; but when the time of your community as a guest is passed, I must beg of you to leave my castle, because I fear that your presence may lead to some further disturbance."

"I ask you, Knight Hugh, but for one hour, and to that I have a right, according to knightly manners and ancient customs."

"It is thine," replied the bluff Knight Hugh.

"Art thou still mine?" opportunely whispered Tenthold to the unlucky bride.

"Forever, and forever," replied Leonora as she hastened past him.

Tenthold's brief discourse had not escaped Ebenhord, who watched his enemy with a sharp eye.

After this assurance from his Leonora, Tenthold went forth from the castle, and still arrayed in his rich velvet robe, he proceeded, by the clear light of the moon, to the church of "our Lady." He did so, to beg for her protection, and to pray for her blessing upon him.

"Love, it is," said he, "that urges me on, and what would life be without love?"

He then knelt, and prayed with fervor and in silence; but he had been followed stealthily from the castle by the young Ebenhord, who crept toward him, and as he was engaged in his devotion, plunged his sword into his heart.

"Thou hast fulfilled my doom, Ebenhord," he groaned forth: "It is the will of heaven; and now, with my last dying words, and in the name of all the celestial powers, I demand of thee my Leonora; thee, too, do I summon to follow me to judgement. Soon—soon shalt thou hasten after me."

The craven Ebenhord turned back to the castle, and entered the hall of feasting. His eye was wild and distracted. Murder and guilt had stamped deeply their brands upon his wrinkled forehead. The men, at first, laughed at him, on account of his prolonged absence, but the dames and maidens were affrighted when they looked upon him.

"Behold, my love," he said to Leonora, "this is the heart's blood of the miscreant who sought to tear us asunder, and who would prevent our marriage. this sword has transfixed him, and yet he presumed—aye! even in the agonies of death, to call upon thee at once to follow him. But think no more; it is now, and now only, my beloved, that I can call thee mine."

He would have embraced her, but she turned in horror from him. Her face turned ghastly pale: she shook in every limb. Even Ebenhord stood aghast at the change which came over her.

"I feel," she faintly sighed—"I feel that he has indeed gone to the tomb. Tenthold, beloved Tenthold, I follow thee; all ye angels protect me—pray for me."

As she spoke she raised her eyes to heaven, extended her arms, and then fell back insensible. They rushed to her, thinking she had fainted; but when they raised her, she was dead.

Ebenhord would have frantically embraced the body of the bride, but the chaplain of the castle—the ancient and kindly tutor of Leonora—pushed him away, at the same time exclaiming:—

"Away, sinner, away!—dare not to touch the body of a saint."

These words struck Ebenhord to the heart. He hastened forth into the air. He sought out the body of his foe, and then groaning forth two words, "repentance reconciles," he drew his sword, which was still reeking with the blood of Tenthold, and plunged it into his own heart.

Upon the following morning, those who were going to the church, found the bodies of the two knights stiffened in their blood.

The choristers came, and at their head was a holy monk of the Rhine. He it was who alone had the courage to draw the sword from the body of the miserable Ebenhord; and as he did so, he cried out to the affrighted multitude these words:

"This shall be a warning sign to all sinners. This shall hang before the church of our lady; and the earl of Ebenhord shall suffer the punishment of the lost, so long as this unlucky sword shall move, and so long as the earth that he has blasted with the blood of a pious knight of Jerusalem, shall refuse to bear a blade of grass."

The sword still trembles, and the earth beneath it is still devoid of verdure.

Battle of Eylau

The June number of the 'American Review' contains a biographical sketch of MURAT, from which we extract the following description of the battle of Eylau:

This battle, fought in mid winter, in 1807, was the most important and dreadful one that had yet occurred.—France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a complete victory on either side would have settled the fate of Europe. Bonaparte remained in possession of the field, and that was all—no victory was ever so like a defeat, and Murat alone saved him. The field of Eylau was covered with snow and the little ponds that were scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the artillery. Seventy-five thousand men on one side, eighty five thousand on the other, arose from the field of snow upon which they had slept on the night of the 8th of February, without tent or covering, to battle for a continent. Augereau, on the left, was utterly routed early in the morning. Advancing through a snow-storm so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russian cannon fired half at random, mowed down his ranks with their destructive fire, while the Cossack cavaly, which were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost hitting the French infantry with their long lances before they were visible through the drividg snow. Hemmed about and overthrown, the whole division composed of 16,000 men, with the exception of 1,500, were captured or slain. Just then the snow storm clearing up, revealed to Napoleon the remnant of Augereau's division scattered and flying over the field, while four thousand Russians were close to the hill on which he stood with only a hundred men around him. Saving himself from being made prisoner by his cool self-possession, he saw, at a glance, the peril to which he was brought by the destruction of Augereau and the defeat of Soult, and immediately ordered a grand charge by the Imperial guard and whole cavalry.

Nothing was farther from Bonaparte's wishes or expectation than the bringing of his reserve cavalry into the engagement at this early stage of the battle—but there was no other recourse left him. Murat sustained his high reputation on this occasion, and proved himself for the hundredth time worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed in him. Nothing could have been more imposing than the battle field at this moment. Bonaparte and the Empire trembling in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry to save them. *Seventy squadrons* making in all 14,000 well mounted men, began to move over the slope.—Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at this crisis than when, a moment before, he was so near being captured by the Russians. But as he saw those seventy squadrons come down on a plunging trot, and then break into a full gallop, pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed through the snow storm far in front, a smile passed over his countenance. The shock of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army went down like frost work before it. Then commenced one of thos protracted fights of hand-to-hand and sword-to sword, so seldom witnessed in cavalry. The clashing of steel was like the ringing of a thousand anvils, and horses and riders were blended in wild confusion together.

The Russian reserve were ordered up, and on those Murat fell with his fierce cavalry, crushing and trampling them down by thousands. But the obstinate Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again, so that it was no longer cavalry charging on infantry, but squadrons of horses galloping through the broken host, that gathering into knots, still disputed with unparalleled bravery the ensanguined field. It was during this strange fight that Murat was seen to perform one of those desperate deeds for which he was so renowned. Excited to the highest pitch of passion by the obstacles that opposed him, he seemed endowed with tenfold strength, and looked more like a superhuman being treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid the roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, and falling of sabre-strokes like lightning about him, that lofty white plume never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen glancing through the battle, the star of hope to Napoleon, and showing that his 'right arm' was still uplifted and striking for an empire. He raged like an unloosed lion amid the foe; and his eye, always terrible in battle, burned with increased lustre, while his clear and steady voice, heard above the tumult of the strife, was worth a thousand trumpets to cheer on his followers. At length, seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that had kept up a devouring fire upon his men, he wheeled his horse and drove in full gallop upon their leveled muskets. A few of his guard that never allowed the white plume to leave their sight, charged after. Without waiting to count his force, he seized the bridle in his teeth, and with a pistol in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, he burst in a headlong gallop upon them, and scattered them as if a hurricane had swept by.

Though the cavalry were at length compelled to retire, the Russians had received a check that alone saved the day. Previously, without bringing up their reserve, they were steadily advancing over the field, but now they were glad to cease the combat and wait for further reinforcements under Lesboeg, before they renewed the battle. We need not speak of the progress of the contest during the day.—Prodigies of valor were performed on all sides, and men slain by tens of thousands, till night at length closed the awful scene, and the Russians began to retire from the field.

Such was the battle of Eylau fought in the midst of a piercing snow storm. Murat was a thunderbolt on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by him will ever furnish themes for the poet and the painter. But let the enthusiast go over the scene on the morning after the battle, and he would find a cure for his love of glory. *Fify two thousand men* piled across each other in the short space of six miles, while the snow giving back the stain of blood, made the field look like one great slaughter-house. The frosts of a winter morning were all unheeded in the burning fever of ghastly wounds, and the air was loaded with cries for help, and groans, and blasphemies, and cursings. Six thousand horses lay amid the slain, some stiff and cold in death, others rendering the scene still more awful by their shrill cries of pain. The cold heavens looked down upon this fallen multitude, while the pale face of the thousands that were already stiff in death, looked still more appalling in their vast winding sheet of snow. Foemen had fallen across each other as they fought, and lay like brothers clasped in the last embrace; while dismembered limbs and unembowelled corpses were scattered as thick as autumn leaves over the field. Every form of wound, and every modification of wo were here visible. No modern war heretofore exhibited such carnage, and where Murat's cavalry had charged, there the slain lay thickest.

Anecdote of Com. Decatur.

The following good anecdote of the gallant Decatur, is related in the September number of the United States Nautical Magazine:

'Before the war, captain Cardin and the Mecedonia were at Norfolk; Decatur was there, too, and a warm intimacy soon joined in friendship two kindred hearts. While discussing naval affairs one day, Carden said, 'Decatur, your ships are good enough, and you are a clever set of fellows; but what experience have you had in war? there's the rub. One of these days we will probably have a 'brush' together, and if I catch your ship at sea, I will knock her into a cocked hat, Stephen.' 'Will you!' says Decatur; *'I will bet a hat on it!'* The bet was agreed on, and the conversation changed.

1845